

THE
Progress of Honesty :

Or, a

VIEW
OF A
COURT
AND
CITY.

A
PINDARIQUE POEM.

By T. D.

*Altera jam teritur bellis Civilibus atas :
Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit.*

Horace.

L L O N D O N : *H*
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THE
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The Progress of HONESTY:
 Or, a VIEW of
COURT and CITY.

ONE Summers Evening when the wearied Sun
 Was hastning to go down,
 And dewy *Thetis* th' Ocean did inspire
 With gentle Calms to court his amorous fire,
 I left the busie Town
 To entertain my thoughts one hour alone,
 The winds to their deep Caverns did retreat,
 And only a cool Breeze
 Did softly kiss the Trees,
 To temper the past days unruly heat,
 A time it was when Nature seem'd t' employ,
 Her self in general joy,
 And every thing was pleas'd in th' Water, Earth and Sky,
 The wanton Fishes danc'd within their Streams,
 The Beasts unyok'd from Teams,
 Ran lowing to the distant Mead,
 To greet their much lov'd Mates to sport and feed,
 And on each lofty Tree or covert Bush,
 The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
 Did in their chirping language sing!!!
 Long lays of Love and of the smiling Spring,
 Of scatter'd grain near some rich Farmers house
 And of their Misses vows,
 Of Snares and dangerous Limetwigs then began
 That oft their Friends rapan,
 Here joint invectively they long divisions ran,
 And curst th' unnatural Craft of silly, yet conceited Man.

II.

In the dark Center of a lonely Grove,
 For Melancholly fram'd and Love,
 A Rock there stands that props th' adjacent hill
 Craggy and mossy made by unknown skill,
 Of wondrous height and magnitude,
 Impenetrable Stone and rude;
 From whose aspiring top a stream did pour
 Swift Cataracts, whose fall and dreadful rore
 Wonder and Terror bore.

Here Nature th' Pageant Mansion to adorn,
 Its hollow Sides, had into Conduits worn;
 Whose depth and bottom none did ever see
 But only God and He.

'Twas here her private Storehouse she did keep,
 Here mighty Treasures heap,

Safe as in Neptunes Closet of the deep.

I much delighted with the cool Recess

Of this miraculous place,

Laid my self down to rest and meditate

Upon the Worlds and my uncertain fate,

And all the Prodiges of Fate.

When a kind Echo near me drew,

A Voice methought I knew,

And so it was; for when again it spoke,

Looking toward the farthest side oth' Rock,

I saw two persons, th' one was sad and mute,

Whilst t'other awfully held grave dispute;

Whom when to view he did himself extend,

I knew to be my good old Friend.

III.

A wondrous man born of Celestial Race,

The Beams of Honour, Vertue, Grace,

Shone in his comely reverend face,

On which you might perceive

Many a smarting Wound and Scar

He for his King and Country had receiv'd

In bloody Field and Loyal War:

Reward

Reward for which he ne'er ignobly sought;
 But the Oblivion of his Merits thought
 His own misfortune, not his Princes fault.
 About his Neck a Golden Medal hung,
 Which he achiev'd when young;
 A *Cesar's* figure there was coin'd, which he
 With his own hand had given, the badge of Loyalty:
 Yet ne'er could Fame his Constancy divide
 With an ungenerous Pride;
 His heart was humble, full of Modesty
 As Virgin Infancy;
 Plain were his thoughts, ne'er taught the tedious Rules
 By Pedant Fools
 Of humming Colledges or buzzing Schools;
 And yet by th' vigour of his Wit could reach
 The depth of Natures Mysteries, and preach
 All the Morals wise Philosophy could teach.
 None sure was ere renown'd as he,
 Religious, good, of heavenly pedigree,
 Ador'd by all the vertuous world, his name was *Honesty*.

IV.

The other was his Son, 'twas strange to see
 Such bitter fruit spring from so good a Tree;
 Vicious and vain he was, a wanton Youth
 That wandred from the Truth,
 Treading in slippery paths, rash Error was his Name;
 Never the heir to his great Fathers fame,
 But of his Mother frailties shame.
 His Eyes the flaming Tapers of reproach
 Kindled at some late deboach,
 Lookt glowing red, and on his flesh were seen
 Some marks of wounds, but not such as had been
 The scars of honour, but of infamy,
 The Effects of Wine, Night Brawls, Temerity;
 When for suburban Jilt he fought, and she
 Most impudently swore
 He solely enjoy'd the Indies that she bore;
 Yet the salacious Whore
 Was at that hour engag'd to fifty more.

His

His Pockets swell'd with Challenges and News,
 Lascivious Pamphlets, Billet Deuxs,
 And Tickets from the Beldame of the Stews.
 Deaf to reproof he was, and hugg'd his Crimes,
 A modish Fop, a Creature of the times;
 One that could flatter every Golden Clod,
 And call my Spindle Lord, that made him drunk, his God,
 Adore the reverend wrinkled Lady Quaint,
 And swear she's more celestial than a Saint;
 Protest not *Venus* Doves had been
 White as her Faces skin,
 Though he could see no part of it for Paint:
 Stubborn as *Eli's* Sons, or *Jacob's* envious brood,
 Stranger to wise men, and a foe to good,
 And most ungrateful lov'd his Father less
 Because he did his Crimes express,
 And held the Mirror up to shew his wickedness.
 But as the Eternal does his mercies shew,
 And grant Remission below
 To Mortals that rebellious grow.
 Thus proving divine Mystery,
 And that to live from passions free
 Is only th' Province of the Deity.
 So the reverend Sire, after a stream had run
 From his Eyes aged fountains, thus begun
 To pity and instruct his just precipitating Son.

V.

Where wilt thou fall, ah, why thy self destroy?
 Rash heedless Boy,
 Why dost thou snatch at a deluding bait
 That hooks thee to thy fate?
 O thou unfortunate!
 Look here and borrow thy old Fathers eye,
 Look well, and through this Perspect shalt thou spy
 The World drest in her vanity.
 See here Ambition plotting how to climb
 Up to a seat sublime,
 And now aloud resounds his fame,
 Now like a Meteor does he flame,

Whilst

Whilst all the air is fill'd with ecchoes of his name:
 But see, the wheel of chance is turn'd,
 And what was so admir'd is scorn'd,
 The Blazing Comet shines not, that before
 Enlightned the Horizon o're,
 The Exhalation's spent and seen no more.
 See there where *Faction* with his hundred hands,
 And Treasons numerous as sands,
 Impious though Old stands preaching in a Tree,
 Stirring the long Ear'd rout to mutiny;
 From infancy a Traitor known,
 One that would fight for Conscience, but had none;
 Hark how the *Mobile* shout, that ecchoing peal
 Portends the downfall of some Common-Weal:
 Some Monarch now
 To th' force must bow,
 Of brutish Ignorance, pretended Zeal.
 Next turn thy eye, and view Religion's state,
 And there perhaps thou'lt find too late,
 The canting Parasite gilt Fortune serves,
 Whilst the truly Pious starves:
 'Tis the sly, sleek, and supple knee unties
 The Purse of gouty Avarice;
 And we may boldly now declare,
 The Clergy thrive by Flattery more than Prayer:
 See how that reverend Doctor vails his Cap
 To yon prophane Court Ape;
 Sure he has some suit to beg,
 That thus he sneaks and scrapes a Leg,
 Whilst t'other proudly keeps him bare: Thus we may see
 Learning's the footstool of Court-vanity.

VI.

See next where *Beauty* comes, Parent of darling Sin,
 That charming Demon of the skin,
 That Victor that great Monarchs rules,
 That Paradise of loving fools,
 That gets more Souls
 Than Heaven and all the Miracles within;

C

That

That Soul of Joy, that Tyrant o're the blood,
 That blessing, yet a curse; though heavenly, yet not good;
 That potent power that with resistless Art,
 Reigns all in all and all in every part.

O how she shines and does her Nets prepare,
 Look how they crowd into her snare,
 And think eternal Bliss is there;
 Till Sickneſs shades the glaring light,
 Then what they once thought bright
 Appears a horrid Spectre hideous to the ſight.

But theſe Remarques, fond Boy, are few,
 Search Nature through,
 And thou ſhalt find a thouſand new :
 A ſtrange viciffitude of things,
 From Peſants even to Kings.
 Then patient Merit ſhalt thou find ill uſ'd,
 Vertue and Wit by Ignorance abus'd,
 Knowledge low as the Grave dejected lies,
 Whiſt in all places Vice doth only riſe.
 In th' Country, City, Court, new Crimes we ſee,
 A moſt unnatural change in each degree,
 And nothing ſcorn'd or ſlighted more than *Honeſty*.

VII.

Thus ſpoke the good Old Man with modeſt grace,
 And here a ſecond ſhower apace,
 Fell on his Beard like Jems, and deckt his reverend Face.
 But *Error* who had with much impatience ſate,
 And heard his Father moral Truths relate,
 Like Libertines within a Temple ſhut,
 Who having no way to get out,
 Are forc'd a while to be devout;
 With an unwilling mind obeyed !
 Till ſtung with rage to hear the Court reprov'd,
 The Court he ſo much lov'd;
 Raising his drowſie head this answer made,
 To th' aged, Sir, that pleaſures reap in vain,
 All pleaſure ſeems a pain;
 The choiceſt Banquet is but made a waſte,
 To one that has no taſte.

And

And therefore you whose insipid Palat's down,
 Past help of all th' Physicians in the Town,
 Failing to relish, rail at th' Courtly treat,
 On which with joy and greediness we eat,
 Because your Stomach cannot be preserv'd,
 You with all others starv'd :
 So th' wither'd Beldame youthful once and gay,
 That in *December* now reflects on her past *May*,
 Missing with grief th' effects of Love,
 She formerly could prove,
 Grows mad, and with true Womans malice stung,
 Hates all her Sex, and wishes damn'd the Beautiful and Young.
 Wretched is he, replied the Sire, that tries
 To make a senceless Idiot good or wise,
 He cultivates with endless toil,
 A barren, rocky, and unfruitful Soil,
 Where Thistles only grow, and not one valued Grain can rise.
 Think not, rash Fool, that I the Court deprave,
 'Cause I no favour have :
Honesty in it self's rewarded more,
 And is like Charity to the Poor,
 Repaid from the eternal Store.
 I only for thy sake
 Did some Reflections make,
 To teach thee how the Vertuous to prefer,
 Before the Rich, the Lewd, or Popular.
 The Court's a spacious Garden and it breeds
 Both fragrant Flowers and noisom Weeds,
 Hemlock and Jessamine flourish and sprout forth,
 As if of equal worth ;
 Which to distinguish is well worth thy care :
 And that my fame thou maist no more abuse,
 By pleading ignorance for excuse ;
 In silence give attentive ear,
 And I'll describe both good and bad in each true character.

VIII.

Titus the Second reigns, he whose celestial mind
 Stiles him the joy of human kind,
 So good, that if 'twere possible there could be

Another

Another Heaven-born God and Man
 Since our great Saviours Reign,
 By the bright Host above, I'd swear 'tis he :
 In every Kingly Grace he does abound,
 For Wildom lov'd, for Clemency renown'd,
 And in each Art the Learned ere desir'd,
 Most skilful and admir'd :
 What mysttick Knowledge human Nature blest,
 That dwells not in his Breast ?
 What Vertue ere did Heaven to man impart,
 That centers not within his Royal Heart ?
 Or what inspiring Rhetorick did belong
 To th' wife old Poet's Song,
 That flows not now from his Oraculous Tongue :
 Look in his face, and Heaven has pourtray'd there
 The Grandeur that true Majesty should wear ;
 Awful his brow, and terrible his frown,
 On such as dim the Lustre of his Crown ;
 Yet may the Loyal in each Feature see
 Such marks of God-like Clemency,
 That whilst they tremble they're delighted too,
 And with a silent veneration view :
 He loves his People, and their Faith defends,
 The best of Masters, and the best of Friends,
 Patient though wrong'd, never to passion driven,
 Just as his Laws, and merciful as Heaven,
 His Heart is humble though his Throne is high,
 So constant that Hells worst Plots he dares defie,
 And smile at trembling Traitors that stand by :
 Who ere but he a just Revenge could quell,
 When his great Father tell ?
 Who could forgive the impious *Mobile*;
 But only he
 That has more heavenly Pity than Mortality :
 Yet still the barbarous Rebels him infest,
 Still they his lov'd and dear-bought Peace molest,
 And murmur at his Reign though in it blest,
 Like Brutes they feed upon the fat o'th Land,
 In Peace they live, and Nature Stores command,
 Yet use his Bounty to no other end
 But to have power to offend ;

Whilst

Whilst Mercy (ways, these Saints a War maintain,
 They're never quiet, but when Tyrants reign:
 And as a stubborn Child that oft has prov'd,
 His Mothers fond Indulgency and Love,
 Vext at some trifle, stamps, lies down and cries,
 Blubbers and swells, and her command denies,

Until at last she out of patience grows,
 And quells the little Rebel with pathetick blows:

So th' Factionous never true Allegiance wore,

Till conquered and kept poor.

For as a famous Bard did sing of Yore,

Nothing Rebellion plants in English Blood,

But too much Plenty and a Prince too good:

But ah! no more, fond Muse, no more,

He needs not thy poor Praise, therefore give o're

He like the Sun shines every where so bright,

There can be no additional light,

No more than thou canst see

With Mortal Eyes Celestial Mystery;

Or with a Plummet sound endless Eternity.

IX.

Next Resolution comes, the Great, the Good,

Allied to him in Vertues as in Blood,

A Hero for his Constancy renown'd,

And in Mysterious Politicks profound;

Positive fixt and settled to his Will,

And dares do any thing but Ill,

Revenge his wrongs though they like Hydras grow,

A faithful Friend but a most dreadful Foe,

Bravest in danger, valiant but not rash:

For when the Belgian Screamers brav'd the British Cross,

Then on the bloody Deck he seem'd to grow,

Whilst Fate affrighted aim'd the Shot too low,

Aw'd with the Terror of his dauntless Brow.

A Loyal Prince and Wise, secure of Fate,

Of Honour nice, in every Action great,

Not fond of Sway, but if by right his own,

In his Lifes Scale he weighs a Throne.

His haughty Soul ne'er understood
 To humour the Mechanick Brood
 The People like rough Waters are to him
 On which he swims against the Stream
 Nor fears the danger of the wildest Storm
 His courage and his Fate concerns all harm
 In his Religion firm, but not precise,
 Admires the Counsel of the Wife,
 But cares not to be Catechis'd,
 Or new untrodden paths be shown,
 As if the way to Heaven he had not known,
 Or that his Soul were not his own
 His Conscience will be guided by his sense,
 Not by the vulgar's impudence.
 So th' Roman Heroes rather chose to die
 By their own noble hands than by an Enemy.

X.

Deep in a hollow, dark and dreadful Cave,
 Black and gloomy as the Grave,
 That never saw a lucid Ray
 Of the Suns face, nor cheerful day,
 But shaded o're with baleful Ivy seem'd
 The Cottage of some melancholly Fiend,
 On whose top ever sat the ghastly Owl,
 Shrieking her baleful note and horrid howl,
 Far from the pleasing chirp of other fowl;
 Old *Discord* did with pale-fac'd *Treason* dwell,
 Near neighbours and much nearer friends to hell;
 There in a Grott where never leaf was seen,
 Nor any thing that's green, (been;
 But stumps of rotten Trees and Thorus that long had blasted
Treason in darkness lay, his Lodging furnish'd was,
 With Ponyards, Pistols, Daggers, many a Glass
 With mortal liquid substance fill'd,
 That Loyalty had often kill'd,
 When ne'er a Sword could do't in Honour's field.
Discord's Apartment different was seen,
 He had a Lawyer been;

One that if Fee were large could loudly bawl,

But had a Cough o' th' Lungs if small;

And never car'd who lost so he might win :

His Shelves were cram'd with Proseses and Writs,

That dull'd poor Clients wits;

Long Rolls of Parchment, Bonds, Citations, Wills,

Fines, Executions, Errors, and eternal Chancery Bills:

This blessed Pair thought this obscure retreat

A place most for their purpose fit

To forge their villanies, and exclaim

On *Resolution's Name*,

And blast his spreading Fame

Which to perform, and safe to stem this Stream,

They make Religion the Theme,

The Rabble's bugbear and the Courtiers dream,

And only th' Wise Man's shining beam :

Religion, ever made the grave disguise

Of horrid Villanies,

And now the News does various thoughts inspire,

Now, now the Train has taken fire,

And straight 'tis buz'd about the Town,

Religion's rac't, the Charter, King and Crown

In danger : This the Vulgar swallow down,

Then rail at *Resolution*, and find flaws

Even in his Title, swear the Good Old Cause

Is lost, and broke are all the Canon Laws,

XI.

In this impetuous Torrent of the State,

Young *Marcian* rises, fam'd of late

For Conduct, Courage, and Advantages of Fate,

Mighty in Office, Publick in Report,

Powerful in th' Army, and Belov'd at Court,

Born on the Peoples Shoulders with such Pride,

As Indian Kings on conquered Princes ride;

Heaven markt him for uncommon Dignity,

None Favour'd more, nor none more Great than he,

Till Hells curst Agents caus'd his Sense to stray,

Out of his oncelov'd Path, his Loyal Way,

And counsell'd him to disobey;

Friendly

Friendly to his Destruction him advise,
That on his Ruine they might rise;
And more the weakness of his Youth to try,
And swell his Illegitimate Ambition high,

With hopes to gain a Crown,
Which they (by right) knew ne'er could be his own.

Two wretched Sons of Belial rose
Unhappy Resolutions to oppose,

And swore for Marcian much, but more for cloaths;
Their deep mouth'd Oaths to th' lofty Shies were sent;

That there would be a Change in Government,
A Massacre, and Princes were to die;

The Lord knows when, or how, or why,
Yet some affirm it truth, and some a lie;

Strong Proofs were made, and the Law was satisfied,
And being justly tried,

Fate turn'd his mortal point, and the thorn Elders died;
But all so constant, and with such humility,

That even Impartial Honesty
Offer'd some pitying Tears, the effects of human Charity.

A Crown which with magnetick influence draws
The Souls of great ones to its charming Laws;

Tempts fathom'd Marcian to espouse the Cause
In shew at least, then for his sake,

The shouting Rabble mighty Bonfires make,
The blazing Faggots did each Street adorn,

As if he did from Victory return;
Unhappy Flames which since he finds to true,

Sing'd both his Grandeur and Discretion too:
But when their Prince the rightful heir of Fame,

To prove his Innocence from Exile came,
No Arches were adorn'd, no Triumphs made,

He Gorgon like made the wild herd afraid,
No joyful Shouts, or welcome Bells,

Nor Lights set out, but all like Snails
Shrunk their Phanatick Horns into their Shells.

XII.

'T' encourage all a Nobleman appears,
For Wit and Valour famous many years,

And choosing Knights o' th' Shires;

A Poet, Souldier, Lover, all that can
 Make up an extraordinary man ;
 In whom his Enemies most own
 Perfection in excess, external shown,

But in his Intellect unknown ;
 Sometimes for th' King, then for the Mobile :
 But what is Wit if it want Loyalty ?

A witty Rebel is no more
 Than like a handsome publick Whore,
 Infamous and contemn'd by th' wise and good,

And only useful to the lewd :
 Yet if we ere could judge of hearts

By knowledge or by parts,
 We our *Parmenio* should prefer,

Equally brave with his great Ancestor ;
 For if Rebellion buds, where grows such sense ?
 The Devil converted preaches Abstinence.

In his right hand a Peer he led,
 Of whose worth more hereafter shall be said ;
 With a young Baron fil'd, just fledg'd i'th' Laws,
 And newly then corrupted to the Cause,
 Usher'd by bold Sir *Tophas* : and in 'tother,
 A lean warpt canting Linsey-Woolsey Brother.

Next a fat Author waddled into view,
 For Satyr famous and Sedition too,

A Gog and Magog in each outward part,

But th' least of Pygmies in his sence and art ;
 Distracted Nature swore there was no kin
 'Twixt his external gifts and those within,

His Soul just dwindled to a voice,
 Rails at her thoughtless choice,

And th' Body sweating out its wrongs,

Coughs answers from distempered Lungs,

Tells th' invisible Fantome that

'Twas her lean quality made him so fat ;

Useless in all, unfit to think

Or do, but only sleep and drink,

And forc'd in this great dearth of sence,

T' have refuge only from his impudence,

To side with the Factions that would Monarchs rule,

And grow a positive busie prating fool.

E

There

There are a sort of men a mungrel race,
 That Loyalty like Coin deface,
 And think that kind of Honesty is best,
 That suits most with their carnal interest,
 That loves their Prince only by fits,
 Just as the humour or their business hits,
 And ne'er will his Prerogative maintain,
 But when they're charm'd with hopes of gain,
 Or from his power expect
 Something they could not else effect,
 A suit against himself their votes pursue,
 For that they'll wheedle, fawn and woo,
 Yet swear they're loyal all and true :
 So th' Citizen that his Soul has pliant made,
 And bound his Conscience 'Prentice to his Trade ;
 The person ever does most kindly treat
 That he designs to cheat.

XIII.

The honest Wretch that Vertue does adore
 Is certain to be poor :
 The garment cannot this nice age adorn,
 'Tis out of mode, not decent to be worn ;
 A rugged Maxim which we treat,
 As a Theam useleſs grown, and obſolete,
 Whilst other Tenets th' erring Court does guide,
 Flattery, Folly, Pride,
 Luſt and a thouſand crimes beſide :
 Who'd think man had a ſhare of heavenly Grace,
 That ſaw grave Moſca flatter for a Place ?
 Or know a reverend Judge in th' Law profound,
 Sell an Offender's life for fifty pound ?
 Or ſee a modeſt Scholar cringe t' a Lord,
 That ſwell'd with Land and Nonſenſe ſcorns t' afford
 The humble Proſtitute a word ?
 Why ſhould ſtiff Balbus that through th' gazing rout
 In triumph rides, ſcorn his wife friend on foot ?
 Who though he lowly bows with humble grace,
 The purblind Puppet never turns his face,

Nor answers the salute again,
 His Crevat string both sides has wedg'd his Chin :
 But 'tis not State, nor Gold, nor gay Attire,
 Can the learn'd Soul with vanity inspire ;
 The Book and Sence he understands,
 Makes him more rich than 'rothers Lands ;
 He knows though white and soft appears the skin,
 A rotten carcass may be hid within :
 Though clog'd with Laqueys the gilt Coach does roul,
 The wallowing Spark within may be an Owl :
 Though *Vesta* scour with Coach and Six abroad,
 She's in her warm Apartment known a Bawd ;

Who thriving on the sins o'th' Nation,
 Each minutes damns her self in her Vocation.
 Then if this knowledge we repeat,
 And view the chances of unconstant fate,
 Who would be fond of being great ?
 Who would on favour ere depend,
 When there is no such thing as friend,
 No constant love, no grateful action due,
 No man that's profit proof, nor woman true :
 Your friend if wanted shall soon weary prove ?
 Your Mistress haunted shall desert your love ?
 Nay, your self against your better self shall hold,
 And th' vices of your Body damn your Soul !
 Yet hold, Satyrick Muse, pull in thy reins,
 And thy wild reasons sentiments restrain !
 Though Vice around the Court like lightning rove,

It cannot sure blast all the Grove.
 Old loyal *Clitus* is in fame sublime,
 He threescore years has fac'd the storms of time,
 Untainted of the least ungenerous crime,
 And though his fortune some moist heads decry,
 None touch his Courage or his Loyalty :
 His part was Valour, Valour the Souldiers bliss,
 Success was heavens Prerogative, not his.
 With him brave *Cleon* joins, the good, the sage,
 Wise even in youth, and beautiful in age,
 A man grac'd with his prudent Monarchs trust,
 The truest sign of being just :
 The *Irish* Confines loudly can proclaim
 His Virtue and his Fame :

He's

He's brave as Honours self, does Merit nobly prize,
 Valiant like *Hector*, like *Ulysses* wise.
 There's honest *Mevmon* too, and *Battus* learn'd by fits,
 And good *Mecenas* Patron of the Wits,
 With some few more which I omit.
 For now my Muse grows weary of her Theam,
 This Courtly gay fantastick Dream;
 And to the City steers,
 The fam'd Metropolis of factious doubts and fears;
 There she a while lies down,
 As tired Armies rest ere they attack a Town.

XIV.

Amongst the Grandees gifted to rebel,
 That this vast buzzing Hive with Faction swell,
 There's one whose Character is hard to tell;
 An old Quack Statesman that had rather die
 Than lose a grain of Popularity,
 Or be accounted Loyal on condition
 To be thought less a Politician:
 Some call him *Hophni*, some *Achitophel*,
 Others chief Advocate for Hell,
 Some cry he sure a second *Janus* is,
 And all things past and future sees,
 Another rapt with Satyr swears his eyes
 Upon himself are spies,
 And slyly do their Opticks inward rowl,
 To watch the subtle motions of his Soul,
 That they with sharp perspective sight,
 And help of Intellectual light,
 May guide the Helm o'th' State aright,
 Nay view what will hereafter be
 By their all-seeing quality.
 The erring Ancients much did *Argus* prize,
 That Royal Centinel for's hundred eyes:
 If him they so admir'd, what would they do,
 If they our passive Hero knew,
 That sees a hundred ways with two;
 His Body once so active known,
 Is with Diseases cramp't and useles grown;

His

His Conscience long imprison'd with his Gout,
Now cares not to get out,

Lest losing the Retreat which here she gain'd,
She no where should be entertain'd :

His Bone's his Weather-Glass, and his Back
Is his perpetual Almanack,

By which he knows ere 'tis too late
Both Change of Weather and the State ;

His subtlety so nice his Brethren find,
He jealous grows of all Mankind,

Much doubts himself, but more those men
That he but newly has drawn in,

And therefore strange conclusions tries,
And to be thought extremely wise,

Leaves them to act, himself t'advise.

Thus as some Trumpeter to Battel drawn,
Fights not himself, but still sets others on ;

He ne'er himself would th' danger meet,
But employ'd those that had least Wit ;

And as some Grandees of late times have done,
Made their Rebellion hide his own.

There nothing can so great a Bugbear be
To's speculative sense as Monarchy ;

He hates to hear the name of King,
And wishes there were no such thing :

And as a skilful Rider oft is forc'd,
(That sees his Enemy much better hors'd)

To thrust him from his seat, and so
Get ground of his well mounted Foe ;

So he true Jocky of the State,
That at his Post ne'er came too late,

Dismounts all his Antagonists beside,
That he himself might only ride.

Ambition in his Face does plain appear
Through its thin Veil, a sly Phanatick flier,

And you without a Perspective may see
Pride, in each Feature of Humility :

State-Gamester like he th' Nation nicks,
And Meekness is his best of Politicks ;

So the unfathom'd Flood does smile and sooth,
No danger threatens, all is calm and smooth,

Tempting th' unwary Traveller to wade in,
 Who then too late finds no way out again;
 'Tis deep as Hell, and no redress is found,
 But the unhappy Wretch must sink and drown.

XV.

To match this Rabbi there is one,
 Not equall'd but by him in all the Town,
 The Cities Mouth by which she tells
 Her Fears, her Prophecies, and Oracles;
 A man whom zealous Numbers join
 T' enrich with their own darling Coin,
 And as *Venetians* deal with *Jews*,
 Commit it carefully to use,
 Not that they do impose this trust;
 Incourag'd by his fame of being just;
 For he this thriving Maxim has profess'd,
 That th' Conscience of the Wise is interest;
 But that in proper time a Bank might swell,
 To bribe dissenting Brethren to rebel:
 He's one that still with Beauty keeps a League,
 And his past Life was famous for Intrigue,
 He haunted Brothels and grew lewd,
 The better to distinguish good,
 With hoary Bawds kept formal Interest,
 To silt into the Nature of the Beast;
 And as some Parents fondly use
 To send their Children to the Stews,
 Urge 'em to Wenches, Wine and Dice,
 That they the sooner may grow wise,
 And see the vanity of Vice;
 So he for many years did bend his will
 To know the Quintessence of ill;
 In wild Night Frolicks spent a fair Estate,
 And with each Suburb Jilt grew intimate,
 For Moral Virtues sake, as some agree,
 But others bluntly swear 'twas Lechery;
 An itching Demon which long since did dwell
 In his hot Veins, but now transform'd to Zeal,

Zeal

Zeal that inspires him to debate
 The Peoples Doubts, and Errors of the State,
 And makes him in the Publick Hall
 Ecchoing with Noise and Nonsense loudly baul.
 There is a time by custom counted fit,
 When numerous crowds in consultation meet,
 To pry into the States condition,
 And severally play the Politician ;
 By force then proud Green Apron Tyrants sway,
 And Legislative Orders bluntly disobey ;
 Not force of Arms, for few need fear
 They so couragious will appear,
 But powerful vote, ear deafning voice,
 And indefatigable noise :
 Two Tribunes for the People then are chose,
 Bulwarks 'gainst foreign and domestick foes ;
 And those in the Election soonest thrive
 That dare intrench upon Prerogative,
 And raise rebellious Tenets high,
 Upon the neck of Loyalty :
 But that such Villany should dwell
 In purblind Zeal,
 To place in Office of such weighty trust
 A Rebel amongst all his Tribe the worst,
 Is the severest Instance that we lie
 Slaves to the Yoke of impudent Presbytery.

XVI.

Ungrateful Vulgar, had you none to chose,
 But one that all Obedience did refuse ?
 Could you with no less Fiend begin,
 But *Lucifer* himself must be drawn in ?
 Of zealous Rabbies still you had enough,
 Prophets for Oath, Bravoes for Proof,
 Could not this serve, but you must fall
 More low, and into Office call
 A factious Fury worse than all ?
 Like th' stubborn *Israelites* of old you move,
 And their Enthusiastick Whimsies prove,

Ajhteroth

Asheroth and *Moloch*, Idols famous known,
 Goggle Eyed *Baal*, Gawdy *Accaron*
 They left, nor longer in their errors trod,
 The Calf of *B---* was the darling God ;
 That only was design'd
 To be ador'd by Calves of worser kind.
 The bellowing many headed Beast,
 That groan'd as if by Tyranny oppress'd,
 Yet were themselves the cause of their unrest :
 But now we talk of causes and of fears
 Observe who next appears,
 And see to the great Mart Villanios come,
 That Plots abroad, and Pimps at home ;
 That to be Tribune rackt his haggard Wit,
 But wiser Judgments voted him more fit
 To be a Scavenger and cleanse the Street,
 Swore he was better skill'd by approbation
 To purge a Nuisance than a Nation ;
 Which injury so near to his heart did grow,
 That he resentment of the wrong to shew,
 Immur'd himself three days in Bales of Callico ;
 There resolutely took the sullen pains
 To shrowd his popular projecting brains :
 A mighty loss this to the Tribe did seem,
 For now no more advise was given by him,
 Let th' tottering Nation sink or swim.
 Until as peevish Lovers woo,
 That rail, and swear each others hatred true,
 At last forget their Oaths and think't no sin
 To kiss the Perjury off and love again.
 So he, though when enrag'd an Oath had made,
 And solemnly forsworn the Canting Trade ;
 Yet such a natural Itch he to Rebellion had,
 That willingly all wrongs he could forget,
 To Club again and plague the State.

XVII.

Happy the Man, my Son, whose honest heart
 Disloyalty could ne'er subvert,
 That like a Diamond keeps its constant trust,
 As that its beauty free from rust,
 Which nothing can destroy but its own dust ;
 Cherishing noble Loyalty,
 Till Fate unclews Mortality,
 And sends him crown'd with Vertue to find room
 Amongst fam'd Heroes in some honour'd Tomb ;
 There th' Body sleeps, but th' royal Mind
 Within Fames brightest Altars is enshrin'd,
 Sublime as heaven, and shall be
 Eterniz'd in posterity,
 And as a Phenix in th' Arabian Groves,
 Whose pangs of age kind death removes,
 Breeds from the ashes of her spicy Urn,
 (The Cedars top where she did burn)
 Another off-spring that will be
 Far more admir'd than she.
 So he that Loyalty does prize,
Loyalty the noblest Vertue of the Wise,
 With honour'd praise is ever stor'd,
 Alive renown'd, when dead ador'd,
 Lov'd by the pious and the brave,
 And shall, like sacred *Virgil*, have
 Eternal Laurels grow around his Grave.
 Whilst *Faction* that lean wither'd hag,
 That can of nothing but her Treason brag,
 With Infamy is spotted like the Plague.
 Do but that Nations misery survey
 That glories in her will to disobey ;
 Observe the fate of that most wretched thing
 That for his interest abjures his King ;
 And with an unrelenting eye,
 Thou'lt see the one with fears distracted lie,
 The other infamously die.
 Wouldst thou live well, my Son, and free from ill,
Still let thy Conscience sway thy Will.

G

Let

Let that and Reason still controul,
 And guide th' inconstant Orders of thy Soul ;
 Wild Passion, let Religion rule,
 And look upon an Atheist as a Fool :

He that a Deity denies,

As some sly Devil in disguise,
 That with his hellish Tenets would deceive
 Weak credulous fools that can believe.

Look on thy Countries grievance like a friend,
 And pity faults thou canst not mend ;

But seek not by unlawful course
 To lance its wounds and make 'em worse :

Remember *when Rebellion bloody grew,*
The Rebels with the State were ruin'd too.

To generous ends bestow thy wealth,

Be temperate for th' sake of health,
 And if amongst life's chances thou dost prove

Ever so mad to fall in love,
 To thy charm'd Senses aid thy Reason call,
 Or Beauty will confound 'em all :

For as a Poet, whose free Fancy roves
 In sacred Rapture to Elizian Groves,
 Imagines flowry beds and hills of joy,

Where naked Angels sleeping lie,
 Builds golden Palaces with Crystal Pillars grac'd,
 And Diamond Doors on golden Hinges plac'd,

Creates embroider'd Grotts where *Cupids* dwell,
 Adorn'd with luscious Fruit and Flowers of Sense-delighting
 And though he knows himself did this create, (smell :

He's fond as if 'twere true, and loves the dear conceit :
 Such beauteous Woman is, such fancied still,

Her Smiles can save, her frowns can kill,

Her person such Divinity does wear,
 That tast and smell and all perfection's there.

Extatick Rapture transport all

That we Elizium can call :

If then in this soft snare,

Her blooming Cheek, her Eye, or Hair,

Thy heart her prisoner she retains,

And thou wantst power to break the chains ;

To the great God o' th' Grape thy self assign,
 And there's a sovereign power in Wine,
 Shall give thee instant liberty,
 From all her Charms and she,
 And in a moment make thee free,
 As frozen Age, or as unfeeling Infancy.

Here stopt the reverend Moralift, whose look
 Sufficiently confirm'd the Truths he spoke :

Joyful he was to see his words had won

Resentment in his Son,

Whose cloudy Aspect did declare

Within his brest what passions were at war ;

He now on bended knee low as the earth,

Begs pardon of the Author of his birth,

For errors past, and vows to be

Henceforth the Child of his Morality.

With joyful look the Sire his Convert grac'd,

Thrice blest the kneeling Youth, and thrice embrac'd,

And as the Kingly Prophet once did *Absalom*,

Forgave his sins of youth, caress'd and brought him home.

And now the glittering God of day

Had through oppoling Elements made way,

In *Neptunes* deep Recess withdrew

His Rays from mortal view ;

With borrowed Beams th' inconstant Moon

Possess'd his place, and counterfeits a Noon.

Laborious Nature seem'd at rest,

And soft repose crown'd Man and Beast,

When to my peaceful Lodging I retir'd,

Well pleas'd at what I heard, and *Honesty* admir'd.

FINIS.

(82)
Books printed for and sold by *Joseph Hindmarsh* at
the Black Bull in *Cornhill*.

Reliquiae Raleighanae, being Discourses and Sermons on several Subjects. By the Reverend Dr. *Walter Raleigh*, Dean of *Wells*, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his late Majesty King *Charles the First*.

Sermons upon Faith and Providence, and other Subjects. By the late Reverend *William Outram*, D. D. Prebend of *Westminster*, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.

An impartial Account of the Arraignment, Trial, and Condemnation of *Thomas* late Earl of *Strafford*, and Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, before the Parliament at *Westminster*, Anno Dom. 1641.

The Loyal Citizen: reviv'd, a Speech made by *Alderman Garroway*, at a Common-Hall on *Tuesday* the 17. of *January* 1642. upon occasion of a Speech delivered there the *Friday* before by *Mr. Pym*, at the Reading of his Majesties Answer to the late Petition.

The Good Old Way, or a Discourse offered to all true hearted Protestants concerning the Ancient Way of the Church, and the Conformity of the Church of *England* therunto, as to its Government, Manner of Worship, Rites and Customs. By *Edward Pelling*, Rector of *St. Martin Ludgate*, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of *Cambridge*.

